

T H E  
HISTORY  
Of the Noble and Valiant Sqyer,  
WILLIAM MELDRUM  
UMWHILE  
Laird of CLEISH and BINS  
AS ALSO,  
The TESTAMENT  
of the said  
WILLIAM MELDRUM

Compyled by Sir David Lindsay of  
the Mount, alias, Lyon King of Arms.



Printed in the Year 1711.

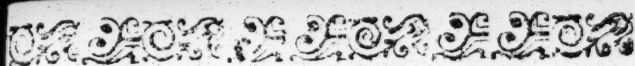


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The HISTORY of  
SQUIRE MELDRUM

WHO that antique Stories reads,  
Consider may the famous deeds,  
Of our Noble Progenitors,  
Which should to us been great Mirrours,  
Their vertuous deeds to enue,  
And vicious living to eschew:  
Such men been put in memory,  
That death should not confound their glory.  
Howbeit their bodies were absent,  
Their vertuous deeds been present,  
Poets their honour to advance,  
Have put them to remembrance,  
Some write of preclare Conquerors,  
And some of valiant Emperors,  
And some of noble mighty Kings,  
That royally did rule their Reigns:  
And some of Champions and of Knights,  
That boldly did defend their rights,  
Which valiantly did stand in stour,  
For the defence of their honour,  
And some of Sgyers doughty deeds,  
That wondrously wrought in their weedd:  
Some write of deeds amorous,  
As *Cancer* wrote of *Troylus*,  
How that he loved *Cressida*,  
Of *Jason* and of *Media*.  
With help of *Cleo* I intend,  
So *Minerve* would me sapience send,  
A noble Squire to describe,  
Whose doughty deeds during his life,

4      *The History of Sayre Melbrum.*

I know my self therefore I write,  
 And all his deeds I dare indite.  
 And secrets which I did not know,  
 This noble Squire did me show ;  
 So I intend the best I can,  
 Describe the deeds and the man.  
 Whose Youth did occupy in love  
 Full pleasantly without reprove.  
 Who did as many doughty deeds,  
 As any one that men of reads,  
 Which Poets put in memorie,  
 For the exalting of their Glorie.  
 Wherefore I think as GOD me save,  
 He should have place among the lave,  
 That his high courage should not sinure,  
 Considering what he did endure,  
 Oft-times for his Ladies sake,  
 I wot Sir *Lancelot Dulake*,  
 When he did love King *Arthurs* wife,  
 Fought never better with Sword nor Knife,  
 For his Lady in no battell,  
 Nor had not half so just quarrell,  
 The verity who likes declare  
 His love was an Adulterer,  
 And durst not come into her sight,  
 But like an *Howlat* in the night,  
 With this Squire it stood not so,  
 His Lady lov'd him and no mo.  
 Husband nor Lemmon had she none,  
 And so she had her love alone,  
 I think it is no happy life,  
 A man to ly with his Masters wife,  
 As did *Lancelot* ; thus I conclude,  
 Of such amour could come no good.

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*The History of Sgyre Meldrum*

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Now to my purpose will I pass,  
And show you how the Sgyre was  
A gentleman of Scotland born,  
So was his father him beforne,  
Of Nobles lineally descended,  
Which their good fame have ever defended.  
Good *William Meldrum* he was named,  
Whose honour never was defamed?  
Stalwart and stout in every strife,  
And born within the Shire of *Fife*,  
To *Cleish* and *Bins* right heritour,  
Who stood for love in many a stour.  
He was but twenty Years of age,  
When he began his Vassalage :  
Proportionat well of mid statour,  
Fiery and wight, and might endure,  
Overset with travel night and day,  
Right hardy both in earnest and play,  
Blyth in Countenance, right fair in face,  
And stood ay well in his Ladies Grace,  
For he was wonder amiable:  
And his deeds right honourable:  
And ay his honour to advance,  
In *England* first, and then in *France*,  
And there his Man-hood did assail,  
Under the Kings great Admiral:  
Where the great Navy of *Scotland*,  
Past to Sea against *England*,  
And as they past by *Ireland* coast,  
The Admiral gart land his host.  
And set *Craigfergus* into fire,  
And saved neither barn nor byre,  
It was great pitty for to hear,  
Of the people the bailful chear,

6      *The History of Squire Meldrum.*

And how the land folk were spoiled,  
 Fair women under foot were fuiled.  
 But this young Squire bold and wight,  
 Saved all women where he might,  
 All Priests and Friars he did save,  
 Till at the last he did perceive,  
 Behind a garden amiable,  
 A womans voice lamentable:  
 And on that voice he followed fast,  
 Till he did see her at the last.  
 Spuiled naked as she was born,  
 Two men of wick were her beforen,  
 Which were right cruel men and keen,  
 Parting there the spoilie them between,  
 A fairer woman nor she was,  
 He had not seen in any place:  
 Before him on her knees she fell,  
 Saying for him that horried hell,  
 Help me sweet Sir, I am a Maid,  
 Then softly to the men he said,  
 I pray you give me again her sark,  
 And take to you all other wark,  
 Her Kirtle was of Scarlet red,  
 Of Gold a Garland on her head,  
 Decored with Enamelyne,  
 Belt and Broches of Silver fine,  
 Of yellow Taffaty was her Sark,  
 Begirded all with broidered wark,  
 Right craftily with Gold and Silk.  
 Then said the Lady white as milk,  
 Except my Sark nothing I crave;  
 Let them go hence with all the lave,  
 Quoth they to her by Saint *Fillane*,  
 Of this ye get nothing again:

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*The History of Squire Meldrum.*

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Then said the Squire courteously,  
Good friends I pray you heartfully,  
If ye be worthy men of weir  
Restore to her again her gair,  
Or by great GOD that all liath wrought,  
That spoillie shal be full dear bought:  
Quoth they to him, we thee defy,  
And drew their swords right hastily,  
And strake at him with so great ire,  
That from the Harness flew the fire,  
With dints so derfly at him dang,  
That he was never in such a thrang:  
But he him manfully defended,  
And with a bolt on them he bended,  
And hat the one upon the head,  
That to the ground he fell down dead,  
For to the Teeth he did him cleave,  
Let him ly there with a mischief,  
Then with the other hand for hand,  
He beat on him with his birnest brand,  
The other was both stout and strang.  
And then the Squire wrought great wonder  
Ay till his Spear did shake in sunder;  
Then forth he drew a sharp dager,  
And did him cleik by the coller,  
And even at the coller bane  
At the first straike he hath him slain,  
He bounded forward to the ground,  
Yet was the Squire hail and sound,  
For why? he was so well enarmed.  
He escaped from them unharmed,  
And when he saw they were both slain,  
He to the Lady past again,  
Where she stood naked on the bent,

And

And said, take your habulymment;  
 And she him thanked full humbly,  
 And put her cloaths on full speedily:  
 Then kissed he the Lady fair,  
 And took his leave at her but mair,  
 By that the Tabern and Trumpet blew,  
 And every man to Shipboord drew:  
 That Lady was dolent in heart,  
 From time she saw he would depart,  
 That her relieved of her harins,  
 And hint the Squire into her arms,  
 And said, will ye bide in this Land,  
 I shall you take to my husband,  
 Though I be casten now in care,  
 I am, quoth she, my Fathers heir,  
 The which may spend of pennies round,  
 Of yearly rent, a thousand pound,  
 With that she heartily did him kifs,  
 Are ye, said she, content of this,  
 Of that, said he, I would be fain,  
 If I might in this Realm remain,  
 But I must first pass into *France*,  
 So when I come again perchance,  
 And after that the peace be made,  
 To marry you I will be glad:  
 Farewell I may no longer tarry,  
 I pray GOD keep you and sweet *Mary*,  
 Then gave she him a loving toking,  
 A rich ruby set in a ring,  
 I am, quoth she, at your command:  
 With you to pass into *Scotland*,  
 I thank you heartfully, quoth he,  
 Ye are over young to sail the Sea,  
 And specially with men of weir,

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Of that quoth she, take ye no fear,  
I shall me cloath in mens cloaths,  
And go with you where ever you please,  
Should I now leave my Paramour,  
That saved my life and honour,  
Lady, I say, you in certain,  
You shall have love for love again,  
Truly unto my lifes end,  
Farewell, to GOD I you commend.  
With that into his boat he past,  
And to the Ship he rowed fast,  
Then weighted they anchors and made sail,  
This Navy with the Admirall,  
And landed into bold Britain,  
This Admiral was Earle of Arran,  
Which was both wise and valiant,  
Of the blood royal of Scotland,  
Accompanied with many a Knight,  
Which were right doughty men and wight,  
Amongst the lave this young Squire,  
Was with him right familiar,  
And through his vertuous diligence,  
Of that Lord he got such credance,  
That when he did his courage ken,  
Gave him care of five hundred men,  
Which were to him obedient,  
Ready at his Commandement,  
It were too long for to declare,  
The daughty deeds that he did here,  
Because he was so cauragious,  
Ladies of him were amorous,  
He was a menzeon for a Dame.  
Meek in a chamber like a lamb,  
But in the field like a Champion,

Ramping

10      *The History of Squire Meldrum.*

Ramping like a wild Lyon:  
Well practick'd with Spier and Shield,  
And with the foremost in the field:  
No Chistian was among them all,  
In Expences more liberal:  
In every play he wan the prize,  
With that he was vertuous and wise,  
And so because he was well proved,  
with every man he was well loved.

**H**ENRY the Eight King of *England*,  
That time at *Calais* was lyand,  
With the triumphant Ordinance,  
Making war on the Realm of *France*,  
The King of *France* his great armie,  
Lay near hard by in *Picardie*,  
Where either other did assaie,  
Howbeit there was no set battell,  
And there was dayly skirmishing,  
Where men of arms brake many sting,  
When the Squire *Meldrum*  
Were told their novels all and some.  
He thought he would visit the Wears,  
And wailed furth an hundred Spears,  
And footmen which were bold and stout,  
The most worthy of all his rout,  
When he came to the King of *France*,  
He was soon put in Ordinance,  
Right so were all his company,  
That waited on him continually.  
There was into the *English* Host,  
A Champion that blew great boast,  
He was a stout man and a strang,  
Whilk boast would with his conduct gang  
Out through the great armie of *France*,

His



His valiantness for to advance,  
And Master *Talbert* was his Name,  
Of *Scots* and *French* did speak disdain,  
And on his bonet us'd to wear,  
Of Silver fine tokens of wear,  
A proclamation he gart make,  
That he would for his Ladies sake,  
With any Gentleman of *France*,  
To fight with him with Speer or Lance,  
But no *French* Man in all that Land  
With him durst battell hand for hand,  
Then like a varicour valiant,  
He entred in the *Scottish* band,  
And when the Squire *Meldrum*,  
Heard tell this Chapion was come,  
Right hastily he past him till:  
Demanding him what was his will,  
Fo sooth I can find none quoth he,  
On horse or foot dare fight with me,  
Then said he, it were great shame,  
Without battell ye should turn hame,  
Therefore to GOD I make a vow,  
The morn my self shall fight with you,  
Either on horseback or on foot,  
Your cracks I count them not a coot,  
I shall be found into the field,  
Armed on horse with Spear and Shield,  
Master *Talbert* said, my good child,  
It were more like that thou were wild,  
Thou art so young, and hath no might,  
To fight with me that am so wight,  
To speak to me thou should have fear,  
For I have such practick in wear,  
That I would not effeired be,

To make debate against such three,  
 For I have stood in many a stour,  
 And ay defended my honour,  
 Wherefore my bairn I counsel thee,  
 Such enterprises to let be.  
 Then said the Squire to the Knight,  
 I grant you are both bold and wight,  
 Young *David* was far less than I,  
 When he with *Goliath* manfully,  
 Withoutten either Spear or Shield  
 He fought and slew him in the field,  
 I trust that GOD shall be my guide,  
 And give me grace to stench thy pride,  
 Though thou be great like *Cow Macmoran*,  
 Trust me I shall thee meet the morn,  
 Beside *Montrule* upon the green.  
 Before nine hours I shall be seen,  
 And if ye win me in the field,  
 Both horse and gear I shall you yeeld,  
 So that sicklike you do to me,  
 That shall I do indeed quoth he,  
 And therto I give thee my hand,  
 And so between them made a band,  
 That they should meet upon the morn,  
 But *Talbert* make at him but scorn,  
 Lightliand him with words of pride,  
 Syne homeward to his host can ride,  
 And shew the brethren of the land,  
 How a young *Scot* had tan in hand,  
 To fight with him beside *Montrule*,  
 But I trust he shall prove a fool,  
 Quoth they the morn that shall we ken,  
 The *Scots* are known right hardy men,  
 Quoth he I count him not a coot,

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He shall return upon his foot,  
And leave with me his armour bright,  
For well I wot he hath no might,  
On horse or foot to fight with me,  
Quoth they the morn that shall we see,  
When to the Monsieur d'Aubignie,  
Reported was the verity,  
How that the Squire had tane in hand,  
To fight with *Talbert* hand for hand.  
His great courage he did commend,  
Syne hastily did for him send,  
And when he came before the Lord,  
The verity he did record,  
How for the honour of *Scotland*,  
That battel he had tane in hand,  
And sen it gives me in my heart,  
Get I an horse to take my part,  
My trust is so into COD's Grace,  
To leave him lying in that place,  
Howbeit he stalwart be and stout,  
My Lord of him I have no doubt,  
Then sent the Lord out through the Land,  
And got an hundred horse frae hand,  
And to his presence brought in haste,  
And bad the Squire choose the best,  
Of that the Squire was rejoiced,  
And choosed the best as he supposed,  
And lap on him deliveredly,  
Was never horse ran more pleasantly,  
With Spear and Sword at his command,  
And was the best in all that land,  
He took his leave and went to rest,  
Syne early on the morn him drest,  
Wantonly in his weirlike weed,

All well armed save the head,  
 He lap upon his Curser wight,  
 And straight him in his stirrops right,  
 His Spear and Shield, and helm was born  
 With Sgyres that rod him beforne,  
 A velvet Cape on head he bare,  
 A quaf of Gold to hide his hair,  
 This Lord of him took so great joy,  
 That he himself would him convoy,  
 With him an hundred men of arms,  
 That there should no man do him harms,  
 That Sgyre bure into his field,  
 An Otter in a Silver shield,  
 His horse was bairded full rightly,  
 Covered with Satin Cramessie,  
 Then forward rod this Champion,  
 With sound of Trumpet and Clarion,  
 And speedily spured over the bent,  
 Like Mars the god annipotent.  
 Thus leave we reading of the Sgyer,  
 And speak of Master Talkert main,  
 Which got up early on the morrow,  
 And no manier of gear to borrow,  
 Horse and harness Spier and Shield,  
 But was as ready to the field,  
 And had such practick into weir,  
 Of our Sgyer he took no fear,  
 And said unto this Champion,  
 Or we come forth of this pavilion,  
 This night I saw into my dream,  
 Which to rehearse I think great shame,  
 Me thought I saw come from the Sea,  
 A great Otter riding to me,  
 The which was black with a long tail,

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And cruelly did me assail,  
And beat me till he gart me bleed,  
And drew me backward from my steed,  
What this should mean I cannot lay,  
But I was never in such a fray,  
His fellow said think ye not thame,  
For to give credance to a dream,  
Ye know it is against our Faith,  
Therefore go drels you in your g aith,  
And think well through your high courage,  
This day ye shall win vassallage,  
Then drest he him into his gear,  
Wantonly like a man of weir,  
Which hath both hardiness and force,  
And lightly lay upon his horse,  
His horse was bairded right bravely,  
And covered was right courtfully,  
With broithered work, and velvet green,  
Saint George's Cross there might be seen,  
On horse, harness, and all his gear,  
Then rod he forth withoutten fear,  
Convoyed with his Captain,  
And with many an *English-man*,  
Arrayed all with armour bright,  
Might no man see a fairer sight,  
Then clarions and Trumpers blow,  
And Warours hither drew,  
On every side came many a man,  
To behold who the battell wan,  
The feld was in Meadow-green,  
Where every man might well be seen,  
The Heraulds put them so in order,  
That no man prest within the border.  
Nor prest to come within the green,

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But Heraulds and the Champions keen,  
 The order and the circumstance,  
 Were long to put in remembrance,  
 When these two noblemen of weir,  
 Were well accounted in their gear,  
 And in their hands strong bourdeouns,  
 Then Trumpets blew and Clariouns,  
 And heraulds crying hie on hight,  
 Now let them go, GOD show the right,  
 Then speedily they spur'd their horie,  
 And ran to other with such force,  
 That both their spears in sunder flew,  
 Then said all they that stood on row,  
 A better course then they two ran,  
 Was not since that the World began,  
 Then both the parties were rejoiced,  
 The Campions a while reposed,  
 Till they had gotten Spears anew,  
 Then with triumph the trumpets blew,  
 And they with all the force they can,  
 Wonder rudly at other ran,  
 And stroke at other with great ire,  
 That from their harness flisht the fire,  
 Their spears they were so tough and strang,  
 That either other to Earth down dang,  
 Both horse and man with spear and shield.  
 That flatlings lay into the field,  
 Then Master *Talbert* was ashamed,  
 Forsooth for ever I am defamed.  
 And said that I had rather die.  
 Without that I revenged be,  
 Our young Sayer such was his hap.  
 Was first on foot, and on he lay.  
 Upon his horse without support,



Of that the Scots took great comfort,  
When that they saw him so fiercely,  
Leap on his horse so galliardy,  
The Sayer lifted the vilar,  
A little space to take the air,  
They bade him wine, and he it drank,  
Full humbly then he did them thank.  
By that *Talbert* on horse was mounted,  
And of the Sayer little counted,  
And cry'd if he du ft undertake,  
To run once for his Ladies sake.  
The Sayer cryed hie on hight,  
That shal I do by Mary bright,  
I am content all day to rin,  
Till on of us the honour win,  
Of that *Talbert* was well content,  
And a great Spear in hand he hint,  
The Sayer in his hand he throng,  
His Spear that was both great and long,  
With a sharp head of grounden steel,  
Of which he was appeased well.  
That pleasant field was long and brade.  
Where gay order and rowin was made.  
That every man might have good fight.  
And there was many warlike knight,  
Some men of every nation,  
Was in that Congregation:  
Then trumpets blew triumphantly.  
And these two Champions eagerly.  
Curred their horse with Spear on brest.  
Partly to prove their pith they prest;  
That round ring room was at utterance,  
But *Talberts* horse with a mischance,  
Stored and to run was loath.

Therefore

28 *The History of Sayer Meldrum.*

Therefore *Talbert* was wondrous wroth:  
 The Sayer forth his ring he ran,  
 Commended well with every man.  
 And him discharged of his Spear,  
 Honestly like a man of wear,  
 Because that was run in vain,  
 Then *Talbert* would not run again,  
 Till he had gotten a better Steed,  
 Which was brought to him with great speed  
 Whereon he lap and took his Spear.  
 As brim as he had been a bear,  
 And bolted forward with a bend,  
 And he ran on to the rings end,  
 And saw his horse was at command,  
 Then was he blyth I understand,  
 Trusting no more to run in vain.  
 Then all the Trumpets blew again,  
 By that with all the force they can,  
 They right rudly at other ran,  
 Of that meeting ilk man thought wonder,  
 Which sounded like a crack of thunder,  
 And none of them their marrow mist,  
 Sir *Talberts* Spear in funder burst:  
 But the Sayer with his Burdeon,  
 Sir *Talbert*, to the Earth dang down,  
 That stroke was with such might and force  
 That on the ground lay man and horse,  
 And through the bridle band him bare,  
 And in the breast a span and mair.  
 Through curions and through glove of plate,  
 That *Talbert* might make no debate.  
 The Truncheon of the Sayers Spear,  
 Stack still into Sir *Talberts* gear,  
 Then every man into that dead,

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Did all believe that he was dead.  
The Sgyer lap right hastily.  
From his Courser deliverly,  
And to Sir *Talbert* made comfort,  
And right humbly did him support,  
When *Talbert* saw into his shield,  
An Otter in a silver field;  
This race said he, I may fore rue,  
For I see well my dream is true:  
Me thought an Otter caused me bleed,  
And bare me backward from my steed,  
And here I vow to GOD Sovereign.  
That I shall never just again,  
And sweetly to the Sgyer he said,  
Thou knowest the cunning that we made,  
Which of us two should lose the field,  
He should both horse and armour yeild,  
To him that wan: wherefore I will,  
Mine horse and harness give thee till,  
Then said the Sgyer Courteously,  
Brother I thank you heartfully,  
Of you forsooth nothing I crave,  
For I have gotten that I would have,  
With every man he was commended,  
So valiantly he him defended.  
The Captain of the *English* band,  
Took the young Sgyer by the hand,  
And led him to the pavilion,  
And caus'd them take collation.  
When *Talberts* wounds were bound up fast,  
The *English* Captain to him past.  
And prudently did him comfort:  
Syn said. brother, I you exhort.  
To take the Sgyer by the hand,

And

And so he did at his command,  
 And said: this been the chance of arms,  
 With that he brest him in his arms,  
 Saying. heartily I you forgive,  
 And then the Sgyer took his leave.  
 Commend well with every man,  
 Then wightly on his horse he wan,  
 With many a noble man convoyed,  
 Leave we there *Talbert* fore annoyed.  
 Some says of that discomfiture,  
 He thought such shame and dishonour,  
 That he departed off the land.  
 And never was seen into *England*,  
 But our Sgyer did still remain,  
 After the wars, till peace was tane,  
 All Captains of the Kings guards,  
 Gave to the Sgyer rich rewards,  
 Because he had so well debated,  
 With every Noble he was well treated,  
 After the wars he took licence,  
 Syn did return with diligence,  
 From *Picardie* to *Normandie*.  
 And there a space remained he,  
 Because the Navy of *Scotland*  
 Was still upon the Coast lyand,  
 When he a while had sojourned,  
 He to the Court of *France* turned,  
 For to decore his vassalage:  
 From *Bartanzie* took his Voyage.  
 Witheight score in his company,  
 Of valiant wight men and hardy,  
 Enarmed well like men of wear,  
 With hagbut, culvering, pick and Spear,  
 And passed up through *Normandie*,

Till

*The History of Sgyer Meldrum.*

21

Till *Albiance* in *Picardie*,  
Where Noble *Lewis* King of *France*,  
Was lyand with his Ordinance,  
With many a Prince and Nobleman.  
And in the Court of *France* was then,  
A marvellous Congregation.  
Of many fundry Nation:  
Of *England* many a prudent Lord.  
After the wars making record,  
There was then an Ambassadour,  
A Lord, a man of great honour,  
With him was many a noble Knight,  
Of *Scotland* to defend the right,  
Who guided them so honestly,  
*English* men had them at envy,  
And purposed to make them cumber,  
Becaule they were of greater number,  
And so where ever they with them met,  
Upon the *Scots* they made onset,  
And like wild Lyons furious,  
They laid a sledge about the house.  
Them to destroy so they intended,  
Our worthy *Scots* them well defended,  
The sutheron were ay five for ane,  
So on each side there were men slain.  
The *English* men cryed in great ire,  
And said, sweeth set the house on fire.  
By that the Sgyer *Meldrum*,  
Into the Market street was come.  
With all his folk in good array,  
And saw the Town was in a fray.  
He enquired the occasion,  
Quoth they the *Scots* are all put down,  
By *English* men, into their luns,

Quoth

Quoth he, I would give all the *Bins*,  
 That I might come e're they departed,  
 With that he grew so cruel hearted,  
 That he was like a wild Lyon,  
 And rudly ran out through the town,  
 With all his company well arrayed,  
 And with his banner well displayed,  
 And when they saw the *English* rout,  
 They set upon them with a shout,  
 And rair'd so rudly on them rushed,  
 That fifty to the ground they dushed,  
 There was nought but take and slay,  
 The Sayer wonders did that day,  
 And stoutly staped in the flour.  
 And dang on them with dints dour,  
 Was never man bear better hand,  
 There might no buckler bide his brand.  
 For it was seven quarters lang,  
 With that so derfly on them dang.  
 That like a worthy Champion  
 Ay at a stroke he dang down one,  
 Some were ill hurt and some were slain,  
 Some fell, and rose not yet again,  
 When that the sutheron saw that fight,  
 Afrayedly they took the flight.  
 And wist not where to flee for haste,  
 Thus through the town they have them chaste  
 Were not *French-men* came to the redding,  
 There had been much more blood shedding.  
 Of this Jurnie I make an end,  
 Which every Noble did commend,  
 When to the King the case was known,  
 And the sooth unto him shown,  
 How this Sayer so manfullie,



On futheron wan the Victorie,  
He put him into Ordinance,  
And so he did remain in *France*,  
A certain time for his pleasure,  
Well esteemed in great honour,  
Where he did many Noble deed,  
With that right wanton in his weed.  
When Ladies knew his high courage:  
He was desir'd in Marriage,  
By a fair Lady of great rent,  
But youth made him so insolent,  
That he in *France* would not remain.  
But come to *Scotland* home again,  
The *French* Ladies did for him mourn,  
The *Scots* were glad for his return.  
At every Lord he took his leave,  
But his departure did them grieve,  
For he was loved of all wights,  
Who had him seen defend their rights,  
*Scots* Captains did him convoy,  
Though his departure did them noy,  
At deep he made him for to sail,  
Where he furnisht a gay Vessel,  
For himself and his men of weir,  
With artilzie, hagbut, bow and spear.  
And furnisht her with good Victual.  
Of the best wine that he could wyle,  
And when the Ship was ready made,  
He lay but one day in the rade,  
While he got winde of the South-east,  
Then they their anchor weighed in haste.  
And syn made sail, and forward past,  
One day at morn, till at the last,  
Of a great sail they got a sight,

And

24      *The History of Sayer Meldrum.*  
 And *Phabus* shewed his beams bright,  
 Into the Morning right early,  
 Then past the Skipper speedily,  
 Up to the Top with a great fear,  
 And saw it was a man of weir,  
 And cry'd : I see nought else, pardie,  
 But we must either fight or flie,  
 The Sayer was in his bed lying,  
 When he heard tell this new tyding.  
 By this the *English* artailzie,  
 Like hail shot made them assailzie,  
 And slooped through their fighting Sails;  
 And diverse dang out over the wails,  
 The *Scots* again with all their might.  
 Of Guns they did let flie a flight,  
 That they might well see where they were,  
 Heads and arms flew in the air,  
 The *Scots* Ship she was so low,  
 That many Guns out over her flow,  
 Which far beyond them lighted down,  
 But the *English* great Galyoun:  
 Forcment them stood like a great Castle,  
 That the *Scots* Guns might no way fail,  
 But hit her ay on the right side,  
 With many a stop for all her pride,  
 That many a bit were on their backs.  
 Then rose the reek with ugly cracks.  
 Which on the Sea made such a sound,  
 That in the air it did redound,  
 That men might well wit on the land,  
 That Ships were on the Sea fightand.  
 By this the Guider strack the Ships,  
 And either on other laid clips,  
 And then began the strong Battel,

Each

Each man his marrow did assail,  
So rudly they did rush together,  
That none might hold their feet for flidder,  
Some with halbert and some with Spear,  
But Hagbuts did the greatest dear,  
Out of the top the grounded darts,  
Did diverse pierce out through the Hearts,  
Every man did his diligence,  
Upon his foe to work vengeance,  
Rushing on either routs rude,  
That over the walls ran the blood,  
The English Captains cryed hie,  
Sweeth yeeld ye dogs, or ye shall die,  
And do ye not, I make a vow,  
That *Scotland* shall be quite of you,  
Then pearly answered the Sayer,  
And said; O traitor taverner,  
I let thee wit, thou hast no might,  
This day to put us to the flight,  
They derfly ay at other dang,  
The Sayer thrust through the thrang,  
And in the English Ship he lap,  
And hit the Captain such a flap,  
Upon his head, till he fell down,  
Waltring into a deadfull foun,  
And when the *Scots* saw the Sayer,  
Had stricken down the rank Rover,  
They left their own Ship standing waste,  
And in the English Ship in haste,  
They followed all their Captain,  
And soon was all the Sutheron slain,  
Howbeit they were of great number,  
The *Scots* men put them in such cumber,  
That they were fain to leave the field,

26      *The History of Sgyer Meldrum.*

Crying, mercy, then did they yeeld,  
 Yet was the Sgyer stricking fast,  
 At the Captain, till at the last,  
 When he perceived no remead.  
 Either to yeeld, or to be dead,  
 He said, O gentle Captain,  
 Thole me not to be slain:  
 My life to you shall be more prile.  
 Nor shall my death a thousand syle,  
 For ye may get as I suppose,  
 Three thousand Nobles of the Rose,  
 Of me, and of my Company,  
 Therefore I cry you loud, mercy,  
 Except my Life, nothing I crave,  
 Take you the Ship and all the lave,  
 I yeeld to you both Sword and knife,  
 Therefore good Master save my Life,  
 The Sgyer took him by the hand.  
 And on his feet he gart him stand,  
 And treated him right tenderly,  
 And syn unto his mēn did cry,  
 And syn gave them right strait command,  
 To strick no more but hold their hand,  
 Then both the Captains ran and red,  
 And so there was no more blood shed,  
 Then all the lave they did them yeeld,  
 And to the Scots gave Sword and Shield,  
 A noble Leech the Sgyer had,  
 Whereof the English shot was glad,  
 To whom the Sgyer gave command,  
 The wounded men to take in hand,  
 And so he did with diligence,  
 Therefore he got good recompence.  
 Then when the wounded men were drest,

And

And all the dying men confest,  
And dead men catten in the Sea,  
Which to behold was great pitie.  
There was slain of the *English* band,  
Five score of men, I understand,  
The which were cruel men and keen,  
And of the *Scots* were slain fifteen,  
And when the *English* Captain,  
Saw how his men were tane and slain,  
And in the *Scots* so few in number,  
Had put them in so great a cumber,  
He drew into a frenesie,  
Saying, false fortune I thee defy,  
For I believed this day at morn,  
That he was not in *Scotland* born,  
That durst have met me hand to hand,  
Within the bounds of my brand.  
The Sgyer bad him make good chear,  
And said it is the chance of wear,  
Great Conquerours I you assure,  
Hath hapned such like adventure.  
Therefore make merry, and go dine,  
And let us prive the mighty wine,  
Some drank wine and some drank ale,  
Syn put the Ships under sail,  
And wailed for the *English* band,  
Two hundred men and put on land,  
Quietly on the Coast of *Kent*,  
The lave in *Scotland* with him went,  
The *English* Captain as I gues,  
He warded was in *Blackness*,  
And treated him right honestlie,  
Together with his Companie,  
And held him in that Garison,

28      *The History of Sgyer Meldrum.*

Till they had payed their ransom.  
 Out through the Land then sprang the fame,  
 That Sgyer *Meldrum* was come hame,  
 When they heard tell how they debated,  
 With every man he was well treated,  
 That when he travelled through the land.  
 They banqueted fra hand to hand,  
 With great solace till at the last,  
 Out through *Strathern* the Sgyer past,  
 And as it did approach the night,  
 Of a Castle he got a sight,  
 Beside a mountain in a vail,  
 And then after his great travell,  
 He purposed him to repose,  
 Where each man did of him rejoyce,  
 Of this triumphant pleasant place,  
 A lusty Lady was *Milnrits*,  
 Whose Lord was dead short time before,  
 Wherefore her dolor was the more,  
 But yet she took some comforting,  
 To hear the pleasant dulce talking,  
 Of this young Sgyer and of his chance,  
 And how it hapned him in *France*,  
 The Sgyer and the Lady gent,  
 Did wash and then to Supper went,  
 During this night there was nothing else,  
 But for to hear of his Novels,  
*Aeneas* when he fled from *Troy*,  
 Did not Queen *Dido* greater Joy,  
 When he in *Carthage* did arrive,  
 And did the siege of *Troy* describe,  
 The wonders that he did rehearse,  
 Were longsome for to put in verse,  
 Of which the Lady did rejoyce,

They



They drank, and syn went to repose,  
He fand his chamber well arrayed,  
With Dornick work on boord displayed,  
Of Vennison he had his wail,  
Good Aquavity Wine and Ale,  
With noble confects, bran and geil,  
And so the Sgyer fuir right well,  
So to hear more of this Narration,  
This Lady came to his Collation,  
Saying he was right welcome hame,  
Grand mercy then, quoth he, Madam,  
They past the time with Chese and Table,  
For he to every Game was able,  
Then to their bed drew every wight,  
To Chamber went the Lady bright,  
The which this Sgyer did convoy,  
Syn to his bed he went with joy,  
That night he slept never a wink,  
But still did on his Lady think,  
*Cupido* with his fiery dart,  
Did pierce him so out through the heart,  
So all that night did nought but mourned,  
Some time sat up, and soimtime turned,  
Sighing with many gant and groan,  
To fair *Venus* making his moan,  
Saying, Lady, what may this mean,  
I was a free-man late yestreen.  
And now a Captive bound and thral,  
For one that I think flower of all,  
I pray God sen she knew my mind,  
How for her sake I am so pynd:  
Would God I had been yet in *France*,  
Ere I had hapned such mischance,  
To be subject or Servitour,

To one that takes of me no cure,  
 This Lady lodged near hand by,  
 And heard the Sgyer privily,  
 With dreadfull heart making his moan,  
 With many a careful gant and groan:  
 Her heart was filled with pity,  
 Though she would have on him mercy,  
 And said, howbeit I should be slain,  
 He shall have love for love again,  
 Would God I might with my honour.  
 Have him to be my Paramour.  
 This was the merry time of May,  
 When this fair Lady fresh and gay,  
 Start up to take the wholesome air,  
 With pantons on her feet a pair,  
 Early on a clear morning,  
 Before fair *Phæbus* up-rising,  
 Kirtle alone withoutten cloack,  
 And saw the Sgyers door unlock,  
 She slipped in ere ever he wist,  
 And feignedly past to the kist,  
 And with her keys opened the locks,  
 And made her to take forth a box,  
 But that was not her errand there,  
 With that this lusty young Sgyer,  
 Saw this Lady so pleasantly,  
 Come to his Chamber quietly.  
 In Kirtle of fine damask brown,  
 Her Golden tresses hanging down,  
 Her papæ were hard, round and white,  
 Which to behold was great delite,  
 Like the white Lilly was her lyre,  
 Her hair was like the red gold wyre,  
 Her shanks white withoutten hose,

Where  
 they

Whereat the Sayer did reioice,  
And said, *Valyie quod Valyie*,  
Upon the Lady now make assailyie,  
Her courtly Kirtle was unlaiſt.  
And ſoon into his arms he braiſt,  
And ſaid to her, Madam, good morn,  
Help me your man that is forelorn.  
Without you get me ſome remead.  
Withoutten doubt I am but dead,  
Wherefore ye muſt believe my harms,  
With that he hint her in his arms,  
And talk with her upon the floor,  
Syn quietly did bar the door,  
Sayer, quoth ſhe what is your will,  
Think ye my Widow-hood to ſpill,  
No, God forbid, it were great ſin,  
My Lord and ye were near of kin,  
Wherefore I make you ſupplication,  
Paſs and ſeek a diſpenſation,  
Then ſhall I wed you with a ring,  
Then ſhall ye live at your liking,  
For ye are young, luſty and fair,  
And alſo ye are your Fathers heir,  
There is no Lady in this land,  
May you reſuſe to her husband,  
And if you love me as you ſay,  
Haſte to diſpence the beſt ye may.  
And thereto I give you my hand,  
I ſhall you take to my husband.  
Quoth he, till that I may endure,  
I vow to be your ſerviture,  
But I think great vexation,  
To tarry upon diſpenſation,  
Then in his arms he did her thruſt,

And

And either other sweetly kist,  
 And wame to wame they other braced,  
 With that her kirtle was unlaced,  
 Then *Cupid* with his fiery darts,  
 Inflamed so thir Lovers hearts,  
 They might no manner of way dissever,  
 Nor none might part from any other,  
 But like Wood-bind they were both wrapped  
 There tenderly he hath her happed,  
 Full softly up into his bed,  
 Judge ye then what they did,  
 Alace quoth she what may this mean,  
 And with her hair she dight her een,  
 I cannot tell how that they play,  
 But I believe she says not nay,  
 He pleased her as I heard sain,  
 That he was welcome ay again,  
 She rose and tenderly him kist,  
 And on dis hand a Ring she thrift,  
 And he gave her a love durie,  
 A Ring set with a rich Rubie,  
 In token that her love for ever,  
 Should never from thir two dissever,  
 And then she past into her Chamber,  
 And fand her Maidens sweet as Lamber,  
 Sleeping full sound, and nothing wist,  
 How that the Lady past to the kist,  
 Quoth they, Madam, where have you been  
 Quoth she, into my garden green,  
 To hear the mirry birds song,  
 I let you wit I thought not long,  
 Though I had tarried there till noon,  
 Quoth they, where is your huse and shoon?  
 Why yeed ye with your belly bare,

Quoth.

Quoth she, the morning was so fair,  
For by him that dear Jesus sold,  
I felt no ways any manner of cold,  
Quoth they Madam we think you sweat,  
Quoth she, you see me suffer heat,  
The dew did from the flowers fleet,  
That both my Limbs are made weet,  
Therefore a while I will here ly,  
Till this dew dulce be from me dry,  
Rise, and gar make our dinner ready,  
That shall be done, quoth they, my Lady,  
After that she had tane her rest,  
She rose, and in her Chamber her drest,  
And after Mass to dinner went,  
Then was the Sgyer diligent,  
To declare many fundry story,  
Worthy to put in memory,  
What shall we of these Lovers say,  
But all the time of lusty May,  
They past the time with joy and blis,  
Full quietly with many a kifs,  
There was no Creature that knew,  
Yet of these Lovers chamber glew,  
And so he lived pleasantly,  
A certain time with the Lady :  
Sometimes with halking and with hunting  
Sometimes with wanton horse running,  
And sometimes like a man of wear,  
Full galliardly would run spear,  
He wan the prize above them all,  
Both at the Buts and the foot-ball,  
Till every solace he was able,  
At Carts and Dice, at Chese and Table,  
And if you list I shall you tell,

How

How that he sieged a Castell,  
 A Messenger came speedily,  
 From Lennox to that Lady,  
 And shew how that *Macfarion*,  
 And with him many a bold Baron,  
 Her Castel he had tan perforce,  
 And neither left her Cow nor horse,  
 And harried all the Land about,  
 Whereof this Lady had great doubt.  
 Till her Squer she past in haste,  
 And shew him how she was oppress,  
 And how he wasted many a mile,  
 Between *Dumbarton* and *Argyle*,  
 And when the Squer *Meldrum*,  
 Had heard this novells all and some,  
 Into his heart there grew such ire,  
 That all his body burn in fire,  
 And swore that it should be dear sold,  
 If he might find them in that hold,  
 He and his men did them address,  
 Right hastily in their harness,  
 Some with Bow, and some with Spears,  
 And he like *Mars* the god of wars,  
 Came to the Lady, and took his leave,  
 And she gave him her right hand glove,  
 The which he on his balnet bure,  
 And said, Madam. I you assure,  
 That worthy *Lancelot du Lake*,  
 Did never more for his Ladies sake,  
 Nor I shall do, or else I die,  
 Withouth that ye revenged be,  
 Then in her arms she him braist,  
 And he his leave did take in haste,  
 And rod that day, and all that night,

Till



Till on the morning he got a sight,  
Of that Castell both fair and strong,  
Then in the midst his men amoug,  
To mighty *Mars* a vow he made,  
That he should never in heart be glad,  
Nor yet return furth of the Land,  
While that Strength were at his command,  
All the Tennents of that Lady,  
Came to that Sgyer hastily,  
And made an oath of Fidclitie,  
That they should never from him flee,  
When to *Macfarland* wight and bold,  
The verity all whole was told,  
How the Young Sgyer *Meldrum*,  
Was now into the Countrey come,  
Purposing for to siege that place,  
Then Vitteled he that Fortrefs  
And swore he should that place defend,  
Boldly unto his lives end,  
By this the Sgyer was arrayed,  
With his braid banner bright displayed,  
With Culvering, Hagbut, Bow and Spear,  
Of *Macfarland* he took no fear,  
And like a Champion couragious,  
He cryes, and said, give over the house,  
The Captain answered highly,  
And said Traitor, we the thee defy,  
We shall remain the house within,  
Into despite of all thy kin,  
With that the Archers bold and wight,  
Of braid Arrows let fly a flight,  
Amongst the Sgyers company,  
And they again right manfully,  
With Hagbut, Bow and Culverine,

Which

Which puts *Macfarlands* men to pine,  
 And on their Collers laid full sicker,  
 And there began the bailfull bicker,  
 There was but shot and shot again,  
 Till on each side there were men slain,  
 Then cry'd the Sgyer couragious,  
 Swyth, lay the ladder to the house,  
 And so they did and clamb belyve,  
 As busie Bees do to their hyve,  
 Howbeit there was slain many a man,  
 Yet wightly over the walls they wan,  
 The Sgyer formost of them all,  
 Planted the banner upon the Wall,  
 And then began the Mortall fray,  
 There was nought else but take and slay,  
 Then *Macfarland* that made the praise,  
 From time he saw the Sgyers face,  
 Upon his knees he did him yeeld,  
 Delivering him both Spear and Shield,  
 The Sgyer him heartily received,  
 Commanding that he should be saved,  
 And so did slack that mortall feed,  
 So that no man was put to dead,  
 In free-ward was *Macfarland* seased,  
 And let the lave go where they pleased.  
 And so the Sgyer amorous,  
 Sieged and wan the Ladies house,  
 And left therein a Captain,  
 Syn to *Strathern* return'd again,  
 Where that he with his fair Lady,  
 Received was right pleasantly,  
 And to take rest did him convoy,  
 Judge ye if there was mirth and joy,  
 Howbeit the chamber door was closed,

They

They did but kifs as I supposed,  
If other things were them between,  
Let them discover that Lovers been,  
For I am not in love expert,  
And never studied in that art.

Thus they remained in merriness,  
Believing never to have distress,  
In that mean time the Lady fair,  
A daughter to the Squer bare,  
None found was fairer of Visage,  
Then took the Squer such courage,  
Against the merry time of May,  
Thirty he put in his Liferay,  
Of scarlet green, and that right fine,  
Which is a seemly sight to be seen.

The gentlemen in all that land,  
Were glad with him to make a band,  
And he would gladly take their parts  
And not desiring but their hearts,  
Thus lived the Squer pleasantly,  
With Musick and with Menstraly,  
Of this Lady he was so glad,  
There might no sorrow make him sad,  
Ilk one did other consolation,  
Tarrying upon dispensation,  
Had it come home, he had her bruiked,  
But ere it came he was miscuiked,  
And all his game he bought full dear,  
As ye at length shall after hear,  
Of worldly joy it was well kend,  
That sorrow been the fatal end,  
For jealousie and false envy,  
Did him pursue right cruelly,  
I marvell not though it be so,

For

38      *The History of Sgyer Meldrum.*

For they were ever Lovers so,  
 Where though he stood in many a stour,  
 And ay defended his honour,  
 A cruel Knight dwelt near hand by,  
 Which had the Sgyer at envy.  
 Imagining into his heart,  
 How he these Lovers might depart:  
 And would have had her marriand,  
 A Gentleman within his Land.  
 The which to him was not in blood,  
 But finally for to conclude,  
 Thereto she would never consent,  
 Therefore the Knight set his intent,  
 This noble Sgyer for to destroy,  
 And swore he should never have joy,  
 Intill his heart without remead,  
 Till one of them were left for dead,  
 This valiant Sgyer manfully,  
 In earnest and play did him defy,  
 Offering himself for to assail,  
 Body for body in battell,  
 The Knight thereto not condescended,  
 But to betray him ay intended,  
 So it fell once upon a day.  
 In *Edinburgh* as I heard say,  
 The Sgyer and the Lady true,  
 Were there just matter to pursue,  
 That cruel Knight full of envy,  
 Caus'd hold on them a secret spy,  
 When he should pass out of the town,  
 For this Sgyers confusion,  
 Who trusted no man should him grieve,  
 Nor of treason had no believe,  
 And took his licence of his host,

And

And liberally did pay his cost,  
And so departed blyth and mery,  
With purpose to pass over the Ferry,  
He was but eight men in his rout,  
For of danger he had no doubt,  
The Spy came to the Knight anone,  
And him informed how they were gone.  
Then gathered he his men on hie,  
With threescore in his companie,  
Accounted well in feir of weir,  
Some had their bow, and some had spear,  
And on the Sgyer followed fast,  
Till they did see him at the last,  
With all his men well arrayed,  
Of cruel men nothing affrayed,  
And when the Lady saw the rout,  
God wot if she was in great doubt.  
Quoth she, your enemies I see,  
Therefore sweet heart I rid you flee,  
In the Countrey I will be kend,  
Ye are no partie to defend,  
Ye know you Knights cruelty.  
That in his heart hath no mercy,  
It is but one that he would have,  
Therefore dear heart, your self ye save,  
Howbeit they take me with his train,  
I shall be soon at you again,  
For ye were never so hard iteed,  
Madam, quoth he, be ye not red,  
For by the Holy Trinitie,  
This day one foot I will not flee,  
And be he had ended his word,  
He drew a long two handed Sword,  
And put his eight men in array,

Then

Then to the Sgyer cryed the Knight,  
And said, send me thy Lady bright,  
Do thou not so, by God his Cross,  
I shall take her away perforce,  
The Sgyer said, be thou a Knight,  
Come forth to me and shew thy right,  
But hand for hand without redding,  
That there be no more blood shedding,  
And if thou win me in the field,  
I shall my Lady to thee yeeld,  
The Knight durst not for all his land,  
Fight with the Sgyer hand for hand,  
The Sgyer he saw no remead,  
But either to fight or to be dead,  
To Heaven he list 'up his Visage,  
Crying to God with his courage,  
To thee my quarrel I do commend,  
Syn bouted forward with a bend,  
With countenance both bold and stout,  
He rudly rushed in that rout,  
With him his little company,  
Which them defended manfully,  
The Sgyer with his birnisht brand,  
Amongst his foe-men made such hand,  
That *Gadifer*, as says the letter,  
At *Gaders Ferry* fought never better,  
His Sword he swapped him about,  
That he great room made in that rout,  
And like a man that was despaired,  
His weapons so on them he wared,  
Whom ever he hit, as I heard say,  
They did him no more dear that day,  
Who ever came within his bounds,  
Escaped not but mortal wounds,

Some



Some mitilat were and some were slain,  
Some fled and came not yet again,  
He hat the Knight about the breees,  
Till he fell forward on his knees:  
Were not *Thom Giffard* did him save,  
The Knight had soon been in his Grave  
But when the Sayer with his brand,  
Hat *Thomas Giffard* on the hand,  
From that time forth during his life,  
He never wailed Sword nor knife,  
Then came a sort as brim as bears,  
That on him fastned fifteen spears,  
In purpose to have born him down,  
But he a forcy Champion,  
Amongst the wightmen wrought great wonder  
For all the Spears he cut assunder,  
None durst come near him hand for hand,  
Within the bounds of his brand,  
This worthy Sayer couragious,  
Might been compared to *Tydeus*,  
Which fought for to defend his rights,  
And slew of Thieves fifty Knights,  
Holland with *Durendal* his bright brand,  
Fought never better hand for hand,  
Nor *Gaven* against *Gollibras* :  
Nor *Oliver* against *Pharambras*,  
wot he fought that Day as well,  
As did Sir *Ghram* against *Gray Stell*.  
And I dare say he was as able,  
As any Knight in the round table.  
And did his honour more advance,  
For any of these Knights perchance,  
The which I offer me to prove.

that ye please, Sirs, with your leave.

Amongst those Knights was made a band,

C

That

That they should fight both hand for hand  
 Assured that there should come no mo,  
 With this Sayer it stood not so,  
 His stalwart stout who would describe,  
 Against one man there was ay five,  
 When that this cruel tyrant Knight,  
 Saw the Sayer so wonder wight,  
 And had no might him no destroy,  
 Into his heart there grew such noy,  
 That he was able for to rage,  
 That no man might his ire asswage,  
 Fy on us, said he to his men,  
 Sen we are ay against one ten:  
 Chaip he away, we are framed,  
 Like cowards we shall be defamed,  
 I had rather be in hells pain,  
 Ere he should scape from us unstain,  
 And called three of his Company,  
 Said, pass behind him quietly,  
 And so they did might secretly,  
 And came behind him cowardly,  
 And hacked on his heghs and thies,  
 Till that he fell upon his knees,  
 And when his shanks were thorn assunder,  
 Upon his knees he wrought great wunde  
 Swipand his Sword round about,  
 Not having of his death no doubt,  
 Durst none approach within his bound  
 Till that his cruel mortall wounds,  
 Bleed so till he did ly in swown,  
 Perforce behaved him then fell down,  
 And when he lay upon the ground,  
 They gave him many cruel wound,  
 That men on far might hear the knocks,

*The History of Syyer Meldrum.*

43

Like Butchers hacking on their stocks,  
And finally without remead,  
They left him lying there for dead,  
With mo wounds with sword and knife,  
Then every man that had his life.  
What should I of thir traitors say,  
When they had done they fled away,  
But then this lusty Lady fair,  
With dolent heart she made such care,  
Which was great pity to rehearse,  
And longsome for to put in verse :  
With tears they washt his Bloody face,,  
Sighing with many loud alace,  
Alace quoth she that I was born,  
In my quarrel thou art forlorn,  
Shall never man after this hour,  
Of my body have more pleasure,  
For thou was gem of gentleness,  
And very well of worthiness,  
Then to the Earth he rushed down,  
And lay into a deadly ffound,  
By that Regent of the land,  
From *Edinburgh* came fast ridand;  
Sir *Antonie Dersie* was his name,  
A Knight of *France* a man of fame,  
Which had the guiding haililie,  
Under *John Duke of Albanie*,  
Which was to our young king Tutor,  
And of all *Scotland* Governour,  
Our King was but five years of age,  
That time when done was this outrage,  
When this good Knight the Syyer saw,  
Thus lying intill his dead thraw,  
Wo is me, quoth he, to see this sight

On thee, which worthy was and wight,  
 Would God that I had been with thee,  
 As thou in *France* was once with me,  
 Into the land of *Picardie*,  
 When English men had great envy,  
 To have me slain, so they intended;  
 But manfully thou me defended,  
 And valiantly did save my life.  
 Was never man with Sword or Knife,  
 No *Hercules*, I dare well say,  
 That ever fought better on a day.  
 Defending me within a stound,  
 Thou dang feil sutherland to the ground,  
 I may make thee no help, alacc,  
 But I shall follow after the chase,  
 Right speedily both day and night,  
 Till I may get that cruel Knight,  
 I make a vow, if I may him get,  
 Intill a Prison I shall him set,  
 And when I hear that thou bees dead,  
 Then shall mine hands strike off his head,  
 With that he gave his horse the spurs,  
 And speedily flew over the furs,  
 He and his guard, with all their might,  
 They ran till they overtook the Knight,  
 When he approacht they lighted down,  
 And like a valiant Champion,  
 He took the Tyrant prisoner,  
 And sent him backward to *Dumbar*,  
 And there remained in prison,  
 A certain time in that dungeon.  
 Let him ly there with miekle care,  
 And speake we of our kind Sgyer,  
 Of whom we cannot speak but good,

When

When he lay bathing in his blood,  
His friends, and his Lady fair,  
They made for him sick dule and care,  
Which were great pity to deplore,  
Of that matter I speak no more,  
They send for Leeches hastily,  
Syn lure his body tenderly,  
To Lodge into a fair Lodging,  
Where he received medicine,  
The greatest Leeches of the Land,  
Came all to him without command,  
And all practises on him proved,  
Because he was so well beloved,  
They took in hand his life to save,  
And he them gave what they would have  
But he so long lay into pain,  
He turned to be a Chirurgeon,  
And also by his naturall engine.  
He learned the art of Medicine,  
He saw them on his body wrought,  
Wherefore the Science was dear bought,  
But afterwards when he was hail,  
He spared neither cost nor travel,  
To prove his practises on the poor,  
And on them proved many a cure,  
On his Expences without renead,  
Of money he took no regard,  
Yet something will we commend mair,  
Of this Lady that made such care,  
Which to the Sgyer was more pain,  
Nor all his wounds in certain,  
And then his friends did conclude,  
Because she might do him no good,  
That she might take her leave and go.

46     *The History of Sayer Meldrum.*

To her Countrey, and she did so,  
 But these Lovers met never again,  
 Which to them was a lasting pain,  
 For she against her will was Married,  
 Where through her weild she dayly waried,  
 Howbeit her body was absent,  
 Her tender heart was ay present,  
 Both night and day with her Sayer,  
 Was never creature made such care.  
*Peneloty for Ulysses,*  
 I wot had not greater distrefs,  
 Nor *Cresseid* for true *Troylus*,  
 Was not tenth part so dolorous,  
 I wot it was against her heart,  
 That she did from her love depart,  
*Helen* had not so mickle noy,  
 When she perforce was brought to *Troy*,  
 I leave her then with heart full sore,  
 And speak now of our Sayer more,  
 When this Sayer was hail and sound,  
 And softly might go on the ground,  
 To the Regent he did complain,  
 But the Regent was oversoon slain,  
 By *David Hume of Wedderburn*,  
 The which caus'd many *French* men mourn  
 For there was not more noble Knight,  
 More valiant, more wise, more wight,  
 And soon after that cruelty,  
 The Knight was set at libertie,  
 Who had that Sayer sore opprest.  
 So was this matter not redrest,  
 Because the Knight was young of age,  
 Then tyrants reign'd in their rage,  
 But afterwards as I heard say,



On Striviling Bridge upon a day,  
The Knight was slain with cruelty,  
And that day got no more mercy,  
Nor he gave to our Young Sayer.  
I say no more, let him ly there.  
For cruel men yemay well see,  
They end oftentimes with crueltie,  
For CHRIST to Peter said this word,  
Whoever stricketh with the Sword,  
That man shall be with a Sword slain,  
That say is sooth I tell you plain,  
He means who striketh cruellie,  
Against the Law without mercie,  
But this Sayer to none offended,  
But manfully himself defended,  
Was never man with Sword or Knife,  
May save their honour and their Life,  
As did the Sayer all his days,  
With many terrible affrays.  
Would I at length his Life declare,  
I might well write another quare,  
But at this time I may not mend it,  
But show you how the Sayer ended,  
There dwelt in *Pyse* an aged Lord,  
That of the Sayer heard record,  
That did desire right heartfully,  
To have him in his company,  
And sent for him with diligence,  
And he came with obedience,  
And longe time did with him remain,  
Of whom this aged Lord was faine,  
Wise men desire most commonly,  
Wise men into their company,  
For he had been in many land,

48      *The History of Sayer Meldrum.*

In *Flanders, France* and in *England*,  
Wherefore the Lord gave him the cure,  
Of his household I you assure,  
And in his Hall chief Marthal.  
And auditor to his counts all,  
He was a right Courtician,  
And in the Law a practician,  
Wherefore during this Lords Life,  
Sheriff deput he was in *Fife*,  
To every man an equal Judge,  
And to the poor he was refuge,  
And with Justice did them support,  
And cur'd their sores with great comfort,  
For as I did rehearse before,  
Of Medicine he took the lore,  
When he saw the Chirurgience,  
Upon him do their diligence,  
Experience made him perfect,  
And of the Science took great delite,  
That he did many thrifty cure,  
And specially upon the poor,  
Without reward or his Expence,  
Without regard or recompence,  
To Gold, to Silver, or to Rent,  
This noble Squier took litle tent,  
Of all this World no more he craved,  
So that his honour might be saved,  
And every year for his sake,  
A royall banquet would he make,  
And that he made on the Sunday,  
Preceeding to Ashwednesday,  
With fowls Vennison and Wine,  
With Tart and Flame, and Fentage fine,  
Of Bran and Geil there was no scant,

And

And hipocraes he did not want,  
I have seen sitting at his Table,  
Both Lords and Laids honourable,  
With Knights and many a gay Sgyer,  
Which were too long for to declare,  
With Mirth, Musick Menstrally,  
All this he did for his Lady,  
And for her sake during his Life,  
Would never be wedded to a wife,  
And when he did decline to age,  
He never failed in his courage,  
Of antick stories for to tell,  
Above all other he did precell,  
Even so that every creature,  
To hear him speak they took pleasure,  
But all his deeds honourable,  
For to describe I am not able,  
Of every man he was commended,  
And as he lived so he ended,  
Pleasantly, while he might endure,  
Till dreadfull Death came to his Door,  
And cruelly with mortall dart,  
Strack this kind Sgyer through the heart,  
His Soul with joy Angelical,  
Past to the Heavens Imperial.  
Thus at *Struther* into *Fife*,  
This noble Sgyer lost his Life,  
I pray to Christ for to convoy,  
All such true Lovers to his joy,  
Say ye *Amen*, for Charitie,  
Adiew, ye get no more of me,

F I N I S.

D

THE

T H E  
T E S T A M E N T  
of the Noble and Valiant Sayer  
WILLIAM MELDRUM.  
*Umwible Laird of Cleish and Bins*  
*Compyled by Sir DAVID LINDSAY*  
of the Mount, alias, Lyon  
King of Arms.

**T**HE Holy Man *Joh*, ground of Patience,  
In his great troubles truly did report,  
Which I perceive now by Experience,  
*That Mans Life on Earth is very short.*  
My bypast time was spent in war and sport  
My youth is gone, I think it but a dream,  
Yet after Death remain shall my good fame.

I perceive shortly I must pay the debt,  
To me on Earth no place been permanent,  
Mine heart no more on it will I set,  
But with the help of God Omnipotent,  
With resolut mind to make my Testament,  
And take my leave at Countrey men and kin  
And all the World, and this I will begin.

Three

*The Testament of Sayer Meldrum.* 51

Three Lords to me Executors shall be,  
*Lindsays* all three in Surname of renown,  
Of my Testament they shal have hail the cure,  
To put my mind to Execution,  
That surname never failed to the Crown,  
No more will they to me, I am right sure,  
Which is the cause that I give them the cure.

First *David Earle of Crawford* wise and wight  
And *John Lord Lindsay*, my master special,  
The third shall be a noble travelled Knight  
Which knows the coasts of Feasts Funeral,  
The wise Sir *Walter Lindsay* they him call,  
Lord of Saint *John* and Kight of *Torphican*,  
By Sea and Land a valiant Champion,

Though age hath made my body impotent,  
Yet in my heart courage doth precel,  
Wherefore I leave to God with good intent,  
My Sp'rit the which he hath made Immortal,  
Intill his Court perpetually to dwell,  
And never more to steir forth of that stead,  
Till *Christ* descend to judge the quick and dead.

I you beseech my Lords Executors,  
My gear give to the next of my Kinrent,  
It is well kend I never took no cures,  
Of conquessing of Riches, or of Rent,  
Dispone as ye think most expedient,  
I never took cure of gold more nor glafs,  
Without honour, fy, fy upon Riches,

I you request my friends one and all,  
And nobleinen of whom I am descended,

Fail not to be at my Feast Funeral, (mended  
Which through the world I trust shal be com-  
You know that my fame I have defended,  
During my Life unto the latter hour,  
Which should to you have been infinit pleasure

First of my bowels cleanse my body clean,  
Within and out, wash it well with wine,  
But honestly see that nothing be seen,  
Synne close it in a costly carved shrine,  
Of Cedar Tree, or of the Cypress fine,  
Anoint my Corps with Baln delicious,  
With Cynamon and Spices precious,

In two cases of Gold and precious stones,  
Inclose my heart and tongue right craftily,  
My sepulcher fine gar make for my bones,  
Into the Temple of *Mars* triumphantly,  
Of Marble stone carved right curiously,  
Wherein my kist and bones ye shall inclose,  
In that triumphant Temple to repose,

*Mars*, *Venus* and *Mercurius* all three,  
Gave me my naturall inclinations,  
Which rang the day of my Nativity,  
And so their heavenly instillations,  
Did me support in many Nation.  
*Mars* made me hardie like a fierce Lyon,  
Wherethrow I conquest honour and renown

Who list to know the acts bellical,  
Let them go read the legend of my Life,  
There shall they find the deeds martial,  
Victoriously with spear, shield, sword and knife  
Right



Right valiantly with many a stalwart strife,  
Wherefore to *Mars* the God armipotent,  
My Corps inclosed, to him ye do present,

Make offer of my Tongue Rhetorical,  
Till *Mercurius* which gave me Eloquence,  
In his Temple to hing perpetual,  
I can make him no better recompence,  
For when that I was brought to the presence  
Of Kings of *Scotland*, *England* and of *France*  
Mine orant tongue my honour did advance.

To fresh *Venus* my friend, ye shal present,  
Which hath to me been ay comfortable,  
And in my face such grace she did imprint,  
All creatures did think me amiable,  
Women to me she made favourable,  
Was never Lady that looked in my face,  
But honestly I did obtain her grace,

My friend, Sir *David Lindsay* of the Mount  
Shall put in order my procession,  
I will that there pass foremost in the front,  
To bear my pensal, a wight Champion,  
With him a band of *Mars* Religion,  
That is to say, instead of Monks and Friers,  
In good order a thousand hagbuttiers,

Next them a thousand footmen in a rout  
With spear and shield, with buckler bow & br-  
In a luseray young stalwart men and stout (and  
Thirdly, in order there shall come a band,  
Of Noble men ready to work their harm,  
Their Captain with my standard in his hand

On

54     *The Testament of Sgyer Meldrum.*  
On bairded horse, one hundred men of arms.

Amongst that band my banner shal be born,  
Of silver sheen, three Otters into sable,  
With Tabern, Trumpet, Clarion and Horn,  
For men of Arms very convenable,  
Next after them a Champion honourable,  
Shall bear my basnet with my funeral.  
Sine after him in order triumphal.

(shield  
Mine arming sword, my glove of Plate and  
Born by a fierce Champion or Knight  
Next after him a man in armour bright,  
Which did me serve in many dangerous field,  
Upon a genit, or a courser wight,  
The which shal be a man of great honour  
Upon a spear to bear my coat armour.

Syne next my Beer, shal come my Corps present  
My bairded horse, my harness and my spear,  
With some great man of mine own Kinrent,  
As I was wont on my body to bear.  
During the time that I went to the weir,  
Which shal be offered, with a gay garment  
To *Mars* his Priest at mine interment,

Doole weeds I think hypocrisie and scorn,  
With hoods down heckled overthort their een  
With men of arms my body shal be born,  
Into that band see that no black be seen,  
My Livery shal be red, blew and green,  
The red for *Mars*, the green for fresh *Venus*,  
The blew for love of good *Mercurius*.

About

*The Testament of Sayer Meldrum.* 55

About my Beer shall ride a multitude,  
All of my Livery of my colours three,  
Barles and Lords and Knights and men of good  
Each Barron bearing in his hand on hie,  
A Lawrel branch in sign of Victory,  
Because I fled never out of the field,  
Nor yet as prisoner unto my foes yeeld.

Against that day fail not to warn and call  
All men of Musick and of Menstrally:  
About my Beer with Mirth musically,  
To dance and sing with Heavenly harmony  
Whose pleatant sound redound shal in the sky,  
My sp'rit I wot, shal be with mirth and joy,  
Wherefore with mirth my corps ye shal convoy

This being done, and all things ruled right,  
Then pleasantly make your proceffion,  
Which I believe shall be a pleasant fight,  
See that ye thole no priest in my progression,  
Without he be of *Venus* profession,  
Wherefore gar warn of *Venus* chappel Clerks  
Which have been most exerceed in their warks.

With a Bishop of that Religion,  
Solemnedly caule them sing my soul mass,  
With Organ, Timpane and with Clarion,  
To show their Musick duly them address,  
I will that day be heard no heaviness,  
I will no service of that requiem,  
But *Alleluiah* with melody and game.

After Evangel and the offerture,  
Throw all the Temple gar proclaim silence,  
Then

56     *The Testament of Sgyer Meldrum.*

Then to the Pulpit gar an Oratour  
Pass up, and show in open audience,  
Solemnedly with ornatc Eloquence,  
At great leasure the Legend of my Life,  
How I have stood in many stalwart strife,

When he hath read my book from end to end,  
And of my Life made true narration,  
All creatures I wot will me commend,  
And pray to God for my salvation,  
Then after this solemnization,  
Of service, and all things brought to an end,  
With gravity see ye my body wend,

And close it up into a sepulture.  
There to repose unto the great Judgment,  
The which may not corrupt, I you assure.  
By vertue of the precious ointment:  
Of Balm, and other spices redolent,  
Let not be rung for me that day, souls knels,  
But great Canons, gar crack for bells,

A thousand hagbuts gar shoot all at once,  
With swash faberts, and trumpets awfully,  
Let never spare the powder nor the stones.  
Whose *thundring* sound redound shal in the sky,  
That *Mars* may hear where he triumphantly  
Above *Phebus* is situat full even,  
Most awfull God under the starry heaven

And syn gar hang about my sepulture,  
My bright harness, my shield and also my spear  
Together with my courtly coat of armour  
Which I was went upon my body wear,

*The Testament of Sgyer Meldrum.*

57

In *France* and *England* being at the wear,  
My banner, basnet, with my temporal,  
As been the use of Feast Funeral,

This being done, I pray you take the pain,  
Mine Epitaph to write upon this wile,  
About my Grave in golden Letters fine,  
*The most invincible Warriour here lyes,*  
*During his time which wan such laud and praise.*  
*That through the Heav'n sprang 'is noble fame,*  
*Victorious William Meldrum was his Name.*

- Adiew my Lords, I may no longer tarrie,  
My Lord *Lindsay*, adiew above another,  
I pray to God, and to the Virgin *Mary*,  
With your Lady to live long in the *Struther*,  
Master Patrick, with young *Normand* your bro-  
With my Ladies, your sisters all, adiew (ther  
And so farewell, I may not tarry now.

But many of all the fair Ladies of *France*,  
when they hear tel, but doubt that I am dead  
Extream dolor will change their countenance,  
When these novels do into *England* spread,  
And for my sake will wear the mourning weed  
Of *London* the lusty Ladies clear,  
Wil for my sake make dole and drearie chear,

Of *Craigfergus*, my days darling, adiew,  
In all *Ireland* of fœminine the flower,  
In your quarrel two men of wear I slew,  
Which purposed to do you dishonour,  
You should have been my spouse and paramour  
With rent and riches of my recompense.

Which

58      *The Testament of Sayer Meldrum.*  
Which I refus'd through youth and insolence,  
Farewell my Lemman lamp of hastiness,  
Of fair Scotland, adiew my Ladies all,  
During my time, with ardent business,  
Ye know how I was in your service thrall,  
Ten thousand times adiew above them all,  
Star of *Strathern*, my Lady soveraign,  
For you I shed my blood with mickle pain,

Yet would my Lady look at even and morrow,  
On my legend at length, she would not miss,  
How for her sake I suffered mickle sorrow,  
Yet I might at this time get my wifs,  
Of her sweet mouth, O if I had a kifs,  
I wish in vain, alace, we will dissever.  
I say no more sweet heart, adiew for ever.

Brethren in arms, adiew in general,  
For me I know your hearts are very sore,  
All true Champions into speciall,  
I say to you adiew for evermore,  
Till that we meet again with GOD in glore,  
Sir Curat, now give me incontinent,  
My Crysin with the holy Sacrament,

My sp'rit I heartily recominend,  
In *Manus tuas Domine*,  
Mine hope to Thee is to ascend,  
*Rex quia Redimisti me*,  
From sin *Resurrexisti me*,  
Or else my Soul had been forlorne,  
With *Sapience docuisti me*,  
Blest be the hour that thou was born.

E I N I S



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MELDRUM and TALBERT



